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The Liberalist

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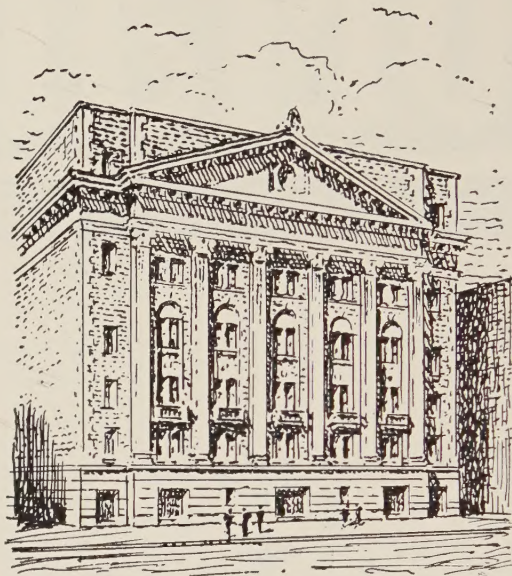
America for Me

Henry Van Dyke

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

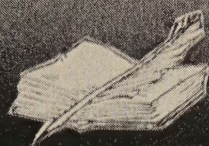
Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor

GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, In Memoriam



Volume XXIX

September, 1952

Number 6

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

Dr. Bradley Returns
From His European Trip

Opening Sunday Morning Service

In The Peoples Church

941 Lawrence Avenue

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1952

11 A. M.



OPENING SUBJECT: "WHAT EUROPE THINKS ABOUT US!"

MUSIC BY CHURCH CHOIR

AND THE PEOPLES CHURCH QUARTET

PROF. LEROY WETZEL, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC

ALONG THE WAY

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

WE SAILED from America on the "Mauretania" July 5th at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was the hottest day in New York of the summer and we looked forward to the Atlantic breezes. They failed us for three days. The ship had become so hot in absorbing the New York heat that it took three days to cool off. There was some relief in the air-conditioned dining-room and lounge. Everywhere else it was uncomfortably hot. On the morning of the fourth day out it became quite cool and we have had cool weather ever since.

I am writing this in Paris on the last day of July and the temperature is 75°. In Ireland, Scotland and England we had cool weather. In Ireland I wore a topcoat every day and slept under blankets every night. We have not experienced any of the prolonged heat waves which have been so prevalent at home. On the tender, going from the "Mauretania" to the dock in Cobh we were cold and wore the heaviest clothing we had brought. We still have three weeks in Great Britain and hope this weather continues.

* * *

About the first thing one does on shipboard, after getting located in the cabin, reading the steamer cards and messages, unpacking the luggage and getting familiar with what will be one's new home for several days, is to look over the passenger list which contains the names of all one's fellow voyagers. There is always the hope that there will be a familiar name or someone from home. There is always a large amount of curiosity. You wonder if any friends or famous people

are aboard. I think this feeling is shared by every passenger. I have crossed the Atlantic many times and I know I am always curious to read the Passenger List as soon as it appears. Sometimes, by request, the names of famous people are omitted or they use another name.

I was surprised on the second morning out to run into Mr. Bernard Baruch taking a stroll on the promenade deck. His name was not on the Passenger List. Inasmuch as I had crossed last year with him on the "Queen Mary" and had had some conversations with him, we stopped and greeted each other. I had the opportunity of visiting with him later and hearing him express some opinions on the American political scene. These were most interesting, coming as they did before the conventions. I shall probably have something to say about this when I return this fall and the political battle is in full swing. Mr. Baruch has one of the keenest minds I have ever known and at his age (over 80) he is one of the youngest men I know in his thinking and spirit.

* * *

We were delighted when we saw the names of Bishop and Mrs. Ivan Lee Holt and Dean Gerald Moore on the list. Many of our Church people will remember both of these men. Bishop Holt is one of the best known Methodist Bishops in the United States and Dean Moore was formerly of St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Evanston and also rector of the Church of the Advent in Chicago. I know them both well. Bishop Holt spoke at a Brotherhood Meeting held in our Church some years ago.

The first Sunday we were at sea, the Bishop and Mrs. Holt, who were recently married, Mrs. Bradley and myself were invited by the Captain to his suite after the church service which the Captain conducted in the Lounge. It is the tradition of the Cunard line for the Captain of all Cunarders to read the Church of England service on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock if the ship is at sea. It is always an impressive service. Other officers participate and many of the ship's staff attend.

Captain Kingscot read the service most impressively. The dignity of the entire service was maintained. When we returned to our stateroom after the service a steward came to our room, presented the Captain's compliments and asked us to join the Captain in his suite under the bridge. We were delighted and there we renewed our friendship with the Holts. We saw much of them during the voyage. Bishop Holt, you may recall, was the officiating clergyman at the marriage of Vice-President Barkley, and recently remarried to a delightful woman, his first wife having passed on after a happy married life. We had much in common and it was inspiring to have the Bishop and his wife fellow-passengers. He is preaching during the month of August in the American Church in Paris, but unfortunately I am preaching every Sunday and will not have an opportunity of hearing him. We parted at Cobh, Ireland, they continuing on the "Mauretania" to France.

* * *

Dean Gerald Moore was traveling with his sister, who is a delightful, cultured woman. They were going to Ireland too. They had a car meet them at Cobh, to drive to Killarney and the lake country. A car also met us there, enabling us to meet the Dean and Miss Moore later in the day at Killarney. Although the Moore's parents

were both born in Ireland, this was the first time they had ever visited the south of Ireland. It was our first visit as well, so we had an interesting time comparing notes and impressions. At Cobh we all went out to Cork and Blarney Castle. I had visited Blarney Castle and kissed the Blarney Stone many years ago. Each of us went through the ordeal of kissing the Blarney Stone.

The historic stone is a part of the wall just below a window ledge. You have to sit down on the ledge and, held by an elderly Irish attendant, you lean back and kiss the stone as your face is turned to the sky. Iron gratings are across the open space to prevent your falling to the ground from the parapet of the old castle. It would be quite a fall if an accident should happen. June remarked that inasmuch as I had kissed the Blarney Stone before, this time I was there to "re-charge it." The observation created a hearty response from the Moore's. Perhaps she was right!

Never having seen the Irish Lakes, this visit had unusual significance for us. The beauty of the area has inspired poets, artists and literary people for years. For natural beauty it is one of the loveliest places we have ever seen. The phrase "by Killarney's lakes and dells" will have a new meaning now. The seeing of Muckross Abbey will always remain in our memory. The ancient ruins amid the loveliness of growing nature—the wedlock of yesterday and today—weaves a mystic spell of timelessness. No wonder the Irish are such a delightful blend of mirth and tears!

* * *

Another delightful couple we met on the "Mauretania" were the Rev. and Mrs. Dan Williams, of the Chicago Theological School at the University of Chicago. I had never met

Dr. Williams, but I am familiar with his books and the splendid work he is doing at the seminary. A recent book of his is attracting great interest in the theological field. Just before leaving New York he had another manuscript accepted by Harpers, which will be published this year. Mrs. Williams is the sister of Rev. Granger Westburg, who was formerly the Chaplain at Augustana Hospital. I know him well and have seen him frequently on my visits to the hospital. He has just accepted a similar position at Billings Hospital and is one of the best known hospital Chaplains in the country. He has pioneered in several ways in his field. We enjoyed the Williams' and had many pleasant visits. One evening we invited them to have dinner with us at our table. We remember them as one of the most interesting couples we have ever met, and hope to renew our friendship in Chicago this winter. Mr. Williams is rapidly acquiring a justified reputation as one of our most able theologians. His influence on the students will be felt in many a ministerial career as the years unfold.

* * *

There is always an expectancy in visiting unfamiliar but well-known places. We had never been to Dublin! After spending two days in Killarney, Limerick, Tipperary and Tralee, we drove in to Dublin at seven-thirty on a lovely evening. Reservations had been made for us at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, located in the heart of Dublin, quite near the Dail and the Lord Mayor's Palace. Soon after arriving, the Rev. E. Savell Hicks, for 42 years minister of the Unitarian Church of Dublin, called and gave us a warm welcome. The next day being Sunday, with two sermons to preach, we did no sight-seeing but prepared for Sunday.

It was an unusual experience to

preach in Dublin; our church there is very old and picturesque. It has a noble history. In a predominantly Roman Catholic center it has stood for liberalism and the free religious ideal throughout its history. Its minister, the Rev. E. Savell Hicks, has won the esteem and affection of the entire city and has a multitude of friends. He is 76 years old but has the vigor and spirit of a man of 50. I have never met anyone just like him. I preached for him at both the morning and evening services. The church was well attended in the morning and full in the evening. The evening services on this side usually begin at 6:30. Dinner comes after the service. Services are over in daylight. The custom started back in the war days, when black-outs were necessary. It has worked so well that most churches never went back to the old 7:30 and 8:00 o'clock time. We find at home that the Sunday evening time of 7:00 o'clock is more convenient to many people than our old time of 7:30.

While in Dublin we were most hospitably entertained by our church friends. A reception was held after the evening service in the church parlors. The Reverend and Mrs. Hicks entertained us in their lovely and picturesque home, "Strawberry Hill." Their house is literally built on a ridge of high rock overlooking the sea. The view is awe inspiring. The gardens are below the house on the hillside. Mrs. Hicks is a lover of dogs. On meeting her for the first time she told me I was well known to her, for Captain Will Judy of Chicago had visited them and told her about me, our work and also of my love of dogs. Will Judy is editor of Judy's Magazine and has written several books. He was interested in the North Side Animal Shelter. I used to meet him there at the annual dinners. Mrs. Hicks raises dogs for show and has won many ribbons

with her dogs. She had twenty-six in the kennels when we were there. It was a fascinating experience to see the dogs in the kennels and to hear the history of each dog as Mrs. Hicks and the caretaker informed us. They were wonderful dogs. One small dog, a West Highland Terrier, won our hearts. But as long as our little Skipper lives, no other dog has any claim upon our heart-strings. Skipper has not been well since March, but letters from the Island inform me he is much better, enjoying the out-of-doors, eating well, and in wonderful condition for a little dog over sixteen years old. Mother and Jimmie loved him and I shall keep him as long as I can.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Moore, of Dublin, invited us to dinner while we were there. Dr. Moore is one of the best known men in medicine on this side of the Atlantic. He had just returned from a lecture trip to Mayo's and the University of Minnesota. Mrs. Moore is an American but has lived in Dublin thirty-two years and had not been back in twenty-seven years until this year. They were ideal hosts. Sharing the evening with us was the distinguished and famous editor of the Irish Times, Mr. Albert Smiley, and Mrs. Smiley. No two men ever lived who resembled each other more closely than Albert Smiley and Gilbert Chesterton! Not only in their physical appearances, but in their intellectual capacities. Mr. Smiley's mind works like a flash. His wit is irresistible and scintillating. He likes to argue and deliberately will take an opposite position. We had a great evening! Most of our conversation was about the political situation at home. He had a fairly good idea of our political system, which to those on this side is a very intricate and complicated affair. I must have risen in his estimation, for when he asked who would be nominated I

replied "Eisenhower and Stevenson." I was guessing, but it was a good guess. No one over here knows very much about Governor Stevenson, but the press has been full of him since the nomination. Mr. Smiley was born in Scotland, is a Protestant and a liberal, yet is probably the most influential editor in Ireland and is highly respected.

We attended a session of the Dail as the guests of the Minister of External Affairs. This is the Parliament of the Republic of Ireland. On the "Mauretania" we were delighted to meet the Irish Consul General in Chicago, Mr. Conway, and his wife. Mr. Conway called at our hotel in Dublin and arranged for our visit to the Dail. For his kindness we are grateful. It gave us an opportunity of visiting the seat of Irish government, to hear some eloquent addresses, see several Cabinet Ministers and familiarize ourselves with the Irish government. Judging from some of the speeches I heard, they have many problems similar to our own.

At a dinner one evening given us by the Reverend and Mrs. Hicks we had the good fortune of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Garland C. Routt. Mr. Routt is the Public Affairs Officer of the American Embassy in Dublin and Director of the United States Information Service, 4 College Green, Dublin. Mr. Routt was born in Sullivan, Illinois, and his father was a regular radio listener of mine until his death. The finest work Mr. Routt has done in Dublin is to establish an American Library. We visited the Library the next day. I did not know our government ever had this sort of activity, but after spending an hour in the library I concluded it is one of the most valuable services we perform. There are about 2500 books, with almost as many patrons. There are books on

American history, education, science and some fiction. The reading room was filled when I was present. In addition there is a room with a projector for showing films of educational value concerning America and our government.

Mr. Routt invited us to the American Embassy to meet the Ambassador, Mr. Matthews. On arrival we learned that Miss Margaret Truman was arriving the next day and the Ambassador was called in to an important meeting where details were being worked out for her Dublin visit. But we did have the pleasure of meeting the next member in charge of the Embassy, Mr. Houston. Mr. Houston just came to Dublin about a year ago from doing a fine work in Japan. He is a career diplomat and is not jeopardized by the changing political situations in America. He is one of the most capable men in our diplomatic service. Knowing men like Mr. Routt and Mr. Houston strengthens one's faith in the difficult field of international understanding. It was an honor to meet them and to know them. Mr. Houston was originally from Iowa and a graduate of the State University. He was a successful teacher before entering diplomacy.

* * *

We left Dublin reluctantly. Our first visit and the new friends, especially the Reverend E. Savell Hicks and his charming wife, make the desire to visit Dublin again a delightful anticipation. One of the new friends we made in Dublin was Mrs. Cyril Saville. She is very active in the Dublin Unitarian Church and a remarkable woman. She has a daughter finishing her hospital internship at the hospital in Albany, New York. I hope we shall meet the daughter before she returns to Ireland. Mrs. Saville is interested also in many social service ac-

tivities and represents the British Legion in Ireland. On the Sunday we preached in Essex Church, London, we were delighted to find Mrs. Saville in the congregation. She spent the day with us and we renewed our Dublin friendship. She also accompanied us to the American Library in Dublin and immediately took out a patron's card. Her dynamic personality and alert mind endeared her to us and we look forward to another meeting.

* * *

From Dublin we took the non-stop train called the "Enterprise" to Belfast. The trains in Ireland are small compared to ours, but this train was most comfortable and very fast. Going to Belfast was like going to see an old friend. I have been coming to Belfast for many years, for here are some of my dearest friends. The Reverend Dr. Arthur Agnew and wife, Doctor Isobel, the Reverend John McCleary and the Reverend Dr. John McLachlan met us at the train. I was meeting old and beloved friends. Dr. McLachlan has recently become minister of the First Presbyterian (N.S.) Church of Belfast. I preached for him last year in Manchester College, Oxford, while he was acting principal. The Reverend John McCleary spent a year in Chicago at our theological school and has often visited our church. I cannot understand why more Americans do not include Ireland in their European itinerary. Most Americans who go to Ireland do so because they are of Irish extraction or because they have relatives there. Ireland is as beautiful as any country in the world—a type of beauty all its own—and its people are as hospitable and warmhearted as can be found anywhere on this earth. There is no more beautiful scenery than the Killarney Lakes, while the Antrim Coast Road is breath-taking in its beauty. I have gone from Bel-

fast to Ballintoy and Port Rush many times and every time I experience feelings too deep for words. Irish history is the most romantic to be found anywhere. Here there was a civilization when the rest of Britain was in the throes of paganism.

I preached in the First Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning to a fine congregation. After the service we had dinner in the spacious Manse with Dr. and Mrs. McLachlan and their two remarkable children, Richard, aged nine, and Jane Elizabeth, aged seven. We were entertained with a piano concert by Richard, who played a program composed of Gurliitt, Mozart and Clementi. He printed out the program on a sheet of paper and with great ceremony presented it to us before the concert. He put it first on the mantel for all to read. In perfect quiet he entered the room and, with the manner of the concert artist, bowed and took his place at the piano. He played excellently—only nine years of age! We shall watch with great interest his career in the years ahead! The daughter then entertained us with some interpretative and pantomime dancing. She was as unusual in her artistry as Richard in his. She projected the stories she gave us with professional skill. I have never seen two more remarkable children. It is fortunate they are to have a cultural and spiritual environment of an unusual home, with two wonderful parents to guide and inspire them. Mrs. McLachlan is the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Alfred Hall. Dr. Hall is one of the most distinguished ministers of the Unitarian Church in Great Britain. I met him first some years ago when he came to America with several other British clergymen to preach in American pulpits. The letter I received from him after Jimmie's death was one of the most encouraging of the many

from those who wrote me comforting words. He had lost a son under most tragic circumstances and knew the agony of such an experience. I shall ever be grateful to him.

* * *

To preach in All Souls Church, Belfast, is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Many in our congregation will remember the Reverend Dr. Arthur L. Agnew and the inspiring sermon he delivered in our pulpit several years ago. It was before the last war. He was then the minister of the York Street Presbyterian Church in Belfast. His fine pulpit oratory, his interest in the social and economic well-being of the people of Belfast, the warmth of his radiant personality and his deep-seated faith in liberal religion were responsible for his building one of the largest congregations in Ireland and the largest Unitarian congregation in all of Great Britain. I preached for him in the York Street Church during these pre-war years—then came the war! One Sunday evening, shortly after his congregation had left the church, a bomb made a direct hit on the church. Everything was leveled to the ground. Nothing was saved in the building. I passed the spot the other day and where once stood the church there was only a vacant lot. All Souls Church, another Unitarian Church in the city, was at the time without a minister. York Street Church and All Souls Church soon became one. Since that time Dr. Agnew has led the congregation through the trying aftermath of war. Today he has the largest congregation of any Unitarian Church in Great Britain. On the evening I preached for him there were 751 people (carefully counted by the vergers) present. The church was filled to overflowing, the Chancel was crowded and many were standing. This is a usual Sunday attendance. I enjoyed preach-

ing in Belfast. The people are responsive, alert and helpful. Their reactions are more like an American audience than any I have met.

After the evening service there was a reception held for us in the school rooms of the church. For nearly two hours we were greeting people. It was startling to meet so many who said "I have a cousin or a brother or a sister in America." It seemed almost everyone we met in Ireland has relatives in the United States and many in Chicago. I am thinking about holding an "Irish Night" some evening in the church and trying to get them all together.

Just before the congregation was dismissed on the Sunday evening I preached, Dr. Agnew placed two large chairs in the Chancel and invited us to occupy them. Neither of us knew what was to happen. Shortly after we were seated Mrs. Hart, the wife of the church secretary, in a brief but appropriate address, presented us with a set of Irish table linen. We were both taken by surprise. June responded in a few well chosen words and I replied as best I could. It was all planned carefully and charmingly. After the service was dismissed we were invited to the vestry where a sumptuous evening meal was served and we had the opportunity of meeting more intimately many interesting and delightful people.

On the Friday evening preceding the Sunday I preached in Belfast we were delightfully entertained by the Reverend and Mrs. John McCleary at the Manse in Dunmurry, a suburb of Belfast. The Manse is one of the most interesting houses I have ever been in and is more than two hundred years old. It has been used by the First Presbyterian Church of Dunmurry since the days of the great Dr. Montgomery. Large rooms, high ceilings and spa-

cious halls, quite dissimilar to some of the modern homes and apartments. The Manse is surrounded by a well-kept lawn, fringed with blooming shrubbery and old trees. Many of the leading people of the church came in during the evening. We had most delightful conversation. Everyone was interested in the American political situation and most of the conversation (as it was everywhere we went) concerned politics in the United States. Mrs. McCleary served an appetizing high tea, which all thoroughly enjoyed. Her father is a physician in London and, although English, she has become devoted to Ireland and the friendly people of the church. They have two beautiful daughters. Mr. McCleary was married after his return from Chicago and I have seen the daughters grow from babyhood into unusually bright and attractive young girls. Our evening in the Manse at Dunmurry is one of the brightest memories of our Irish visit.

* * *

The day we drove over the Antrim Coast Road to Port Rush and Ballintoy will always remain as one of our happiest experiences on this side of the Atlantic. Dr. and Mrs. Agnew, the Reverend and Mrs. McCleary, June and I all made the trip together. Mrs. Agnew, who is well-known in Belfast as Dr. Isobel Caldwell, is a practicing physician, the daughter of one of Belfast's most famous doctors—Dr. Caldwell. I deeply regretted he was in Scotland on holiday when we were there, so I did not have an opportunity of renewing our friendship. I have known him many years. He is well over eighty and has retired to a lovely rural place not far from Belfast, overlooking Loch Belfast. I found him a great scholar, fearless thinker and unafraid to express an opinion. It was always a stimulating experience to be with him.

We made the trip in a small Irish car but were quite comfortable with three in the front seat and three in the back. We covered about 150 miles on the trip, stopping frequently to enjoy some view along the sea. We lunched at Ballygalley Castle—the castle which belongs to the Earl of Antrim. We had dinner at the Giant's Causeway—one of the seven wonders of the world. We came home by way of Ballymena. We were anxious to see Ballymena, because June's grandfather and grandmother and my grandfather and grandmother were all born in Ballymena. Many relatives can still be found around Ballymena and in County Antrim. We stopped at Antrim to see the birthplace and home of Alexander Irvine, who wrote "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." The chimney corner is still there, the fireplace and the dirt floor, just as Irvine knew them. He went out to America and became a well-known American clergyman. I met him once in Chicago and in my library have an autographed copy of his masterpiece. After his death he was cremated and the ashes shipped back to Antrim, where they rest on the grave of his mother, about whom he wrote in "My Lady of the Chimney Corner." If you haven't read this little book I encourage you to do so. It will give you an excellent idea of the heartache, poverty and sadness of a poor Irish cottage.

The mountains, the glens of Antrim, the sea, all blend in one panorama of nature. Every mile is one of wonder and beauty. Ballintoy is a little village of one or two thatched-roof stone

cottages at the very edge of the sea. One looks out on the great Atlantic. Rising behind one are towering, rugged mountains. In a place like Ballintoy you understand the poetry and mysticism of the Irish temperament. No wonder artists and poets come to the Antrim Road from all over.

We had a very happy day together. It was nearly midnight before we returned to Belfast, but our souls were refreshed, our hearts lightened and our minds invigorated by the fellowship of our friends and the beauty of Ireland. The next day we had to leave Belfast by way of steamer from Larne to Stranraer, Scotland. Next month I shall tell you about our experiences in England, Scotland and France.

* * *

I am writing these words on the first day of August in Paris, France. By the time you will be reading them it will be nearly time for church to open and for us to begin our 41st year together. Church will open Sunday morning, September 21st, at 11 a.m. My subject will be "What Europe Thinks About Us!" It will be based on my experiences during the summer. Our director of music, Mr. LeRoy Wetzel, will present a beautiful musical program. WJJD will broadcast the entire service. I shall be disappointed if you are not present. Let us enter the new year for the Church with courage and inspiration. It will be a difficult year for our country and for us all, but we will go forward.

Do not forget our opening date—September 21st at 11 a.m.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.
Opening service, September 21.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.
Opening service, September 21.

Sunday Evening Service (November through Easter)..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (November through Easter)..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Re-opens in October, 1952. Meets every other Monday during the season. For summer events, contact Mrs. Lester Nelson, 909 Wilson Ave., Longbeach 1-8450.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Opens in October. Meets the second Tuesday of each month.

For summer events, Miss Rosemary Christenson, Corresponding Secretary, 2805 N. Leavitt St.

Men's Club—Secretary, Harold Hansen, 2218 Carmen Avenue, EDgewater 4-5998.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director.

In Memoriam

Channing Club (young people of high school age). Meets 1st and 3rd Friday, Secretary, Roberta Rosseter, 4183 N. Clarendon, Diversey 8-2541.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m. through June 6.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Arthur J. Williams, Jr., 4237 N. Hermitage Ave.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall. 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall. . . 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts, Cub Pack No. 3864, 4th Friday, Anderson Hall..... 7:30 p.m.
(All Scout Meetings during the church season only.)

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning during the church season the entire church service is broadcast.....11:00 a.m.

During the summer Dr. Bradley will be heard at 11 o'clock over WJJD on a new program called "Inspiration and Music."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
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EDITORIAL

I STOOD one night in a moment of unutterable and inspiring emotion, as I saw the weirdest coloration of atmosphere I can recall in my lifetime, a weird brilliance of deep bands of yellow and gold, tinged by the infiltration of the harmony and color of the spectrum as a rainbow crossed the sky. It seemed to nestle on the restless surface of the lake. It went across in a lovely arc of divine symmetry across the sky. And as I stood and watched the rainbow from my window, I thought to myself: "The rainbow—always the rainbow. The storm, the tempest, the wind, the rain, the thundering crash, the lightning, all were necessary to produce the rainbow." But the rainbow was there; the classic materialization of Divine harmony in God's world.

As I stood there I sensed the power of unity, the power of symmetry, the power of recovery, the power of retribution; the same kind of thing that happens when the power of God touches the life of one so deeply scarred and marred and tortured by sin and vileness, whose body is sickened, whose eyes are blinded, whose

morality is dulled. Something happens to that life. And what is it? It is God and the rainbow. Some power comes into that life that restores it.

You can accept the humanistic and materialistic interpretation of life; you can explain much with the intellectualization of the problems of man. But there is one thing you cannot explain. You can't explain the restorative quality of the power of God when it touches a life and that life becomes a transformed, victorious, beautiful life. There is the presence of God.

I believe down through the long, tortuous ages man has been pushing back the area of his ignorance and man has been opening up universes and universes behind and beyond the universe, and the more he pushes back the unknown, the more he comes face to face with the power and the spirit of God.

Sang the poet Tennyson:

"Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be;
They are but broken parts of Thee;
And Thou, O God, are more than they."

Would you be Godlike, deepen your faith in the eternal.

Would you have health, deepen your faith in the practice of health and life-giving principles.

Would you have friends, create an exaltation of the beauty of friendship.

Would you be loved, honor with obedience the mandates of Love.

Would you be triumphantly alert and alive and vibrant in the world, have faith in the fundamental spirit of God as outlined in the ideals of Christ, and it will change your life into one of beauty and one of power.

Yes, faith is power. Don't try to live without it!

* * *

ADVANCE IN DATE OF RUMMAGE SALE

Wednesday and Thursday, October 1st and 2nd, have been set as the dates of the Rummage Sale. This is an annual event of the Woman's Club. This year, however, the place of holding the sale has been changed. The sale will be held on both the above dates in Anderson Hall of the Church.

Proceeds of the Rummage Sale will go to the philanthropic work of the Woman's Club.

Won't you begin now to gather together everything you would like to contribute to this sale. Deliver it to the church office if possible between the hours of nine and three. If you cannot deliver your contribution, please call the church office, Longbeach 1-6878.

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TIME CHANGE

Be sure and set your clocks back on Saturday night, September 27th so that you may be on time for church service Sunday morning, September 28th, the last Sunday in September.

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ARE YOU READY FOR THE CHURCH BAZAAR?

Six weeks is not a long time in

which to prepare for that biggest event of the year, the ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH. Are you ready? Have you made a worthwhile donation? Have you been in touch with Mrs. Paul H. Raabe, President of the Woman's Club to find out what you can do to help? Or, if you are a member of one of the organizations of the church other than the Woman's Club, have you talked with the President of your organization to find out what your group is planning for their Bazaar Booth this year?

This is to remind you that here is an opportunity you will not want to miss. You will want to do your part for this important activity of your church.

* * *

OUR SYMPATHY

When Church opens on September 21st, the members and friends of the Peoples Church will miss the friendly, kindly face of Mr. James Woods, caretaker of the Church. All the organizations of the church will have lost a friend. All the members of the Men's Club, the Woman's Club and the Business Woman's Club will miss the excellent coffee brewed by Mr. Woods. He took special pride in the quality of the coffee he made.

Perhaps many returning to the church from a summer's vacation will learn for the first time on that opening Sunday that Mr. James Woods is not with us any more, for his passing was fairly sudden to most of his friends. He had been ailing all summer and finally went to the Illinois Masonic Hospital late in July for treatment in preparation for an operation which was to have been performed on Saturday, August 2nd.

On Saturday, August 2nd, at Lain's North Side Undertaking Parlors, the funeral was held. The operation was

never performed. Mr. Benjamin Will of the Country Church of the City officiated at the service. A great many of the church members attended the funeral services. There were members of the Choir, of the former Uptown Players group, the Woman's Club, the Men's Club, the Ushers, the Business Woman's Club—all paying their tribute of friendship to Mr. Woods and to his family.

On the afternoon of the day of his passing, a member of the Business Women's Club, Mrs. Alice Pearson,

was visiting with him. Though he was receiving a blood transfusion that afternoon, he seemed well and cheerful. Mrs. Pearson remarked to him, "Jim, you must hurry up and get well so as to be ready to welcome Dr. Bradley and his bride when church opens." Mr. Woods smiled and said: "Oh, sure, I'll be there!"

We will all be thinking of James Woods on that opening Sunday. We will miss him—his genial smile and personality and his hearty laugh. And his spirit will be with us!

WASHINGTON AND NATIONAL HONESTY

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1952

 OF ALL the presidents of the United States, either good or bad, and we have had both and have survived both which is something Americans sometimes forget, and we may have good presidents again and bad presidents again, and will survive them too—but of all the presidents whom we have had, there is no president who seems to possess the spirit of aloofness like the character and personality of General George Washington. There is a certain frigidity about Washington, a certain granite-like quality. There is a certain impregnability, a certain impenetrability. His character seems to have been set in a very definite mold. His life was lived within the area of that mold. And it seems impossible for us to have the same warmth, the same heartfelt attitude toward Washington which so easily manifests itself when we think of Jefferson or of Lincoln. That beautiful quality which is so attractive in greatness seems to have been denied General Washington.

I assume that there are many reasons for that. It was an entirely different age. It was almost a pre-scientific age. He expressed his personality in a very fragile, formative period of the western world and particularly at a time of the creation of a new nation. Few men in history have indicated a deeper sense of responsibility. Very frequently when men are burdened with a sense of responsibility, it permeates their whole personality to the extent that much of the frivolity and gaiety of life is never a part of their character, and they become increasingly impervious to mediocrity, to cheapness, and to the superficial. A deep sense of responsibility characterized Washington, and therefore, the distinguishing qualities of his basic character become more illuminated through the entire contemporary experience. And those basic factors which contributed to the nobility and greatness of his character become increasingly significant in the light of the paucity of those characteristics in

much of our contemporary leadership.

So the value of going back and attempting to appraise and evaluate those basic qualities which are identified with General Washington and which are increasing in importance as time goes on its way is very necessary and very valuable. There was the great quality of his forthrightness, his inability to vascillate on questions of moral political honesty. He was basically and fundamentally constituted with such moral sensitivity that evil was never a temptation to him. Did you ever think of that about people—that you can associate with some people such a basic quality of character that you are never alarmed for them concerning any temptation that may come their way? You are so confident of their basic, fundamental moral integrity that you have no fear that any temptations of graft or anything of immorality would have any effect upon them whatsoever, and your attitude toward them would be of such basic confidence that you wouldn't care if all hell turned loose on them its finest and most perfect technique to capture their souls, you would have such a basic confidence in their own integrity as to never give it one moment's concern.

Washington was conspicuous in possessing that kind of a character. Lesser men you have to watch. Little men you have to be suspicious of. Ambitious men who have social and political pride as the motivations of their actions you are justified in being suspicious about. Men who are not equipped basically with the qualities of greatness, those you have to worry about. It is usually the personality of disintegrating qualities that listens to the violent voices of greed and dishonesty. That is true at every level of political life. Really great men are not tempted, though all great men have to face

dangerous criticism, dangerous deceptions and dangerous lies—no man escapes that. That is not my point. My point is that when true greatness has to face these things, true moral and political honesty have nothing to fear. Right men never do, and even though they may be assaulted, attacked, criticized and lied about and stand in the white merciless light of publicity with the attention of a nation or a locality upon them, they sleep well at night. Who is worried most in the City of Chicago today, who didn't sleep well last night? Who is most afraid of the Grand Jury? Who is the most deeply worried? I know—the men who know inside their own hearts that they are wrong and dishonest through and through! They are afraid! "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." I spoke to more than one thousand farmers and stock producers of this state yesterday afternoon in the auditorium at Springfield, and when I was through one of these farmers came to me and he said "Dr. Bradley, you remember that old Scripture verse 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth?'" I said "Yes, I remember it well." "Well," he said, "don't you think they run a little faster if you chase them harder?" And I thought there was an observation by a philosopher. The wicked do flee when no man pursueth, but they run a little faster when they are pursued! But only the wicked need worry in this hour. Only the wicked need ever worry. Those who are right in their souls and in their hearts and in their minds and who stand for the things they believe are right never have to worry. They slept well last night.

General Washington was that type of man. There was no temptation. So devoted was he to the ideals of a free and independent people who were not to be taxed and unrepresented in the seat of the British Parliament that the

colonists ran to him in droves after his magnificent stand at Valley Forge, as he served his country without fee and refused to take a dollar for anything he did before or after the nation was founded. George Washington never accepted one penny from the public treasury! Today in the United States there are seven million men and women getting money from the public treasury—seven million on the public payroll, and some collecting money who aren't even on the public payroll and don't know what floor they work on! Quite a change, isn't there, in the moral structure of a society where that can happen? When the colonists came to Washington and pleaded with him—some of the best leadership in the colonies—they wanted to make him a king. Do you know that it would have been comparatively easy to have founded the Kingdom of North America? It might have been done. The whole tradition was the tradition of a kingdom. They didn't know anything much about the democratic experiment. There was no tradition for it. And the colonists said "Let's crown Washington king—George the First of the Kingdom of North America!" You can imagine how little a temptation that would have been to Washington. He treated it with a sneer, as indeed he ought.

He felt so keenly this whole pressure of slavery—George Washington owned three hundred slaves. I think the best authorities say there were more than three hundred slaves that George Washington owned—and when they read his will, at a period when slavery was not even considered immoral; at a time when Christians were attempting to justify it with Biblical quotations as they would attempt to in the colonial provinces and some of them used the argument even up to the time of the immortal Lincoln to preserve

slavery and Christianity—when they opened George Washington's will every slave at Mount Vernon was given his freedom! He was one of the first great slaveholders of these United States to emancipate the slaves. He faced the hostile background of a confused colonial atmosphere; in the Constitution Convention more than thirty-four delegates walked out; even Benjamin Franklin himself said "I don't know if we can get the new constitution signed," the feeling of animosity was so great against the colonies, against each other. There stood like a solid piece of granite the great recipient of integrity and honor and honesty; and it was through the magnificence and the glow of that inner morality, that basic quality of integrity, that every vicious impulse was smashed and even though from 1776 until the adoption of the Constitution in 1787 were eleven long years of warring, arguing, debating colonists, from the Declaration of Independence to the adoption of the Constitution were eleven long, hectic, warring, fearful, anxious years, in which the whole thing oftentimes was questioned—standing there like a mighty sentinel of integrity was our first president, never deviating once. Any man who would have dared offer to bribe him, or committed one dishonest act, General Washington would have penalized severely and at once. Did you ever stop to think that men who are wrong and corrupt and lie and are dishonest in public or private life usually know the quality of the men whom they try to corrupt? There are men so honest, fundamentally honest, that the biggest crook or the most powerful member of any gangster bloc or any association of the Mafia knows he had not better even approach them—did you ever stop to think of that? Even the most wicked of the wicked stay away from

certain men. They know the danger and that is one of the best answers to political and economic corruption and dishonesty that can be found—creating out of society the quality of leadership that is so basically integrated that evil and corruption know they couldn't make the slightest impression, not even a dent. Incorruptible people is what we need; people for whom no temptation is strong, whether it is money or power or what it is.

Washington was that kind of a man. That was the honesty he stood for.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to close with a story, a true one. I may have told it before. It is so appropriate of my feelings and my thought at this moment that I must tell it to you. I shall close without further comment and everything which I have tried to say this morning within the time limitation focuses to the central truth of this story.

Before a little friendly fire at the University of Cracow, one of the great universities of Europe now gone, I sat with Professor Dubowski. Professor Dubowski was Professor of English Literature at Cracow University. He never spoke a word of English until after he was nineteen and he spoke English without an accent, and was one of the great teachers of English. He is dead now. He suffered a horrible and indescribable death in a concen-

tration camp. And when I think of that fine man and that gracious soul, that beautiful Christian spirit and the humiliations which he was subjected to, what he had to go through, I fairly writhe.

Well, I sat beside him in front of that little fire in the library one day. We were talking about many things. Finally I said to him "Professor Dubowski, what about Poland? Here is Poland surrounded by her hereditary enemies, Germany and Russia, and yet there is always a Poland. No nation has ever conquered Poland. No nation ever will." I said "How is it that out of all the tragedy of the centuries there is always a Poland? Poland lives." And he turned to me and he said "Dr. Bradley, you don't speak Polish, do you?" I said "No, I don't speak Polish. I speak three languages perfectly—North Chicago, South Chicago, and English, but," I said, "I don't speak Polish." And he said to me "That's a pity, because we have a Polish poem which is an answer to your question." I said "Can you give it to me in English?" And he read to me a free translation of a few lines of a great Polish poem:

"Poland is great and Poland will always remain Poland, no matter what they do to Poland because our country is an altar upon which we put a sacrifice and not a crib out of which to feed!"



"THE BOOK ABOVE ALL BOOKS— THE BIBLE"

Because of recent inquiries and various requests about the Bible, The Liberalist republishes this article by Dr. Bradley.

I DIDN'T learn until I was out of high school and in my first year of college and took a course in the Bible from a dear old professor in that institution, who gave us a whole winter of study on the Bible, how that Bible came into being. And then for the first time in my life, I thought of it not as a book, which it isn't, but I thought of it as a library. It is a library of sixty-six books, written by more than two hundred authors, and some of it written by authors whom no scholar yet has identified. Books, for instance, like the Book of Job. No one knows who wrote the Book of Job. The first five books of the Old Testament—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy—no one knows who wrote them. It is a library of sixty-six books, written on two continents, in three different languages, and extending over a period of 1,000 years. Chronologically there are 1,000 years from the first book of Genesis until the last book of the Bible, the Book of the Revelation. I always judge how much a Bible scholar a person is by the way they refer to that last book. It is not "Revelations," but the Book of the Revelation—singular, not plural.

The Old Testament is largely a collection of books which deal with a history of a nation and a people, portraying as it does, the evolving idea of God. There is as much difference in God as outlined in the creation of the Book of Genesis and the God of the Psalms, of David and Isaiah, and the books of the

New Testament as there is between daylight and night-time, for in the evolving history of those ancient people, as experiences deepened around them in their lives, their concept of the reality of God enlarged and it became far superior to the anthropomorphic concept of God, which was a concept patterned after the limitations of our own limitations of humanity. There is just as much difference between the Old Testament concept of God and the final concept of God which the Master Teacher of Galilee understood as there is between night and day. The Old Testament is written, of course, against an Aramaic background, and we are all familiar with its history, its literary quality, and beauty.

But just here I want to tie up the New Testament with this same approach. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is lamentable, most lamentable, that people have had such an erroneous and such a false conception of the New Testament as most people have. I know there are people reading these lines who probably would seriously dispute with me a statement which I am now going to make. Will you kindly, instead of basing your opinions on traditional points of view and commonly accepted ideas, familiarize yourself with the unimpeachable and great scholarship that has been working for centuries upon the New Testament, and be magnanimous enough in your attitude, to expose your mind to some of the verifiable facts of the scholars. It is a revelation to some people that Jesus never spoke Hebrew or Jewish, and the people he worked with never spoke that language. Jesus spoke Aramaic, and while it has Semitic associ-

ation, it is a distinct language of its own. In Lebanon and parts of Syria, people are still speaking the speech that Jesus spoke, and they are still reading in a very unpolluted manner the same identical language in which practically all the New Testament was written. If you will notice in most of the translations of the New Testament, you will note how indebted we are to the King James Version which was published in 1601, based on, of course, the John Wiclif Version published in 1507. Remember that all of these versions, and this is where we get in trouble, are translations from the "original manuscripts in the Greek." There was never a manuscript in the Greek language. The old Greek New Testament is a translation from the Aramaic, not from the original translation of the Greek. The humblest people, the workmen, the fishermen, the rank and file, who fished, worked, and lived there all spoke in Aramaic. Not a person who knew Christ was capable of writing a sentence of Greek. In those early years it was the custom of the people to write stories and preserve them. That was the beginning of the manuscripts. The word "bible" itself is a Greek word which means scroll, and these early documents written in Aramaic were the stories that contained the messages of the period and were later called and accepted as the Bible. There is probably somewhere in existence the Aramaic manuscripts. One of my most prized possessions is a Bible written in Aramaic. That is the original language of the New Testament and of the disciples of Christ—Aramaic. There is a historical church that uses the Aramaic and only the Aramaic Bible. There is one in Chicago today; Dr. Paul Newry is the minister. He has upon his side all of the best historical knowledge that scholarship evidences.

As the years went on, we came to that year of 325 A.D. The Aramaic manuscripts had been translated into the Greek. The Greek were not the originals. I must make that point clear. Thus it was that the church existed before the Bible. It is always a shock to Christians, and particularly of the Protestant tradition, that there was a New Testament Church before there was a New Testament. All the letters written by Paul, who was a Jew and a great apostle to the Gentiles and a very great scholar, show that he was familiar with the philosophy of Socrates and Plato, who both lived 500 years before Jesus. They are 500 years older than Jesus, and Paul had an injection of Greek philosophy and Greek theology which is indicated repeatedly. He never saw Jesus except in vision. He never met him. And when Paul came on to the scene there were churches in existence, and how do we know that? Because in the books written by Paul there are letters to already existing churches. The church came before the Bible. The tradition of that was such that in our great historical community which has commanded the loyalty of so many people down through history, the great Roman Catholic Church, they have retained the authority of the Church, rather than the authority of the New Testament. That is precisely what happened during the Renaissance, which resulted in the Reformation, and that Reformation was the renaissance of human ideas toward the church. That is where Martin Luther came in, and when that took place, the only thing that happened was to change the authority of the church for the authority of a book. That is precisely what happened in the Reformation. And down through the centuries the Church has been the decisive voice in doctrine. There is historical foundation

for that position of the Roman Catholic Church. That is historically sound, and that is the reason why the Roman Catholic Church has never been disturbed from the foundations upon which it bases its historicity. It has retained the authority of the church.

Then in the fourth century we had what was called the Vulgate Version. In 325 A.D. the bishops of the church gathered together and examined all those manuscripts. They were all Greek translated from the Aramaic. Not the manuscripts of Christ, not the actual words of Christ, but the Greek translation, and these bishops selected what manuscripts should go into the New Testament. They decided to put the New Testament with the Old Testament, bind it together, and call it the Holy Bible. This was the Vulgate translation. I have a copy of it. It is a Latin version and is a translation from the Greek which was translated from the Aramaic. That was done by Saint Jerome. This was the first time the Bible appeared in the Latin language. That Bible has lasted for hundreds and hundreds of years, and today is the Bible accepted by the Roman Catholic world—the Vulgate Catholic translation from the Greek.

In 1941, the Church of Rome made a new translation of the Vulgate Version. How many people there are of the Roman Church who are aware of that, I don't know.

But that Bible was never designed to be the property of the people. It was chained to the pulpit of the churches, and only the priests were privileged to read it and interpret it to the people. The people had no New Testament. Then along came John Wiclif, and he took the Vulgate Version and every other available material and put it in the language of the people. And when he did that, he took it away from the ecclesiasticals and

gave it to the people, and it became the flame that lighted the fires of human history and inspired the hearts and souls of men to die, rather than lose it. It is all changed now. Everyone can read the Bible, but it is always slightly amusing to me when I meet the person who says: "It is infallible; it was inspired by God"; and the one in particular who says, "All scripture was given from God." When Paul made that remark, there was no scripture. It didn't exist.

To me it has been a great book—the beauty, the personalities, the literary artistry of it! What would we do without the Twenty-Third Psalm? What would we do without the greatest drama, the drama of Job? It has prologue, dialogue, epilogue—and it deals with one of the most dramatic scenes in all the world—the great Book of Job. And what would we do without the wisdom of the Proverbs? Without the prophecies of Isaiah? Without the Sermon on the Mount? What would we do without the multitude of inspiring thoughts which are so necessary to the human soul? And to stifle it all by saying that it was "signed, sealed, and delivered" is to seal its power, its every light, its every principle. Every one of them were simply trying to examine the quest of the soul toward God. What a pity that it should be so elastic as to contain phrases that I could not read without blushing, phrases of such tragic immorality, when it is also a book that sweeps the soul into the highest of beauty and greatness. It is a human record, and to allow it to lose its power and beauty by quibbling over theological doctrine and dogma is to lose the beauty of the book itself. I love the Bible as I love no other book in all the languages of the world. It is the history of man's own soul; it is the history of your soul.

The truly spiritual mind loves the Bible for what it is and not for what the theologians and ecclesiastics have made it out to be. Read it! Love it! It will lighten the dark places. It will ease the heavy burden. It will heal the broken heart. How much we lose in Christianity by accepting unchristian talk as to the essentials.

Seven hundred million Christians in the world today and the hope not Christ, but the power of AN ATOM BOMB!

Had we kept Christ in his simplicity, in his human superiority, his love,

had we kept him as he was instead of making him a theological monstrosity; had we kept Christ a Christ of beauty, of little children, of love. . . Ah, this world tonight would not be a disintegrated, broken world, a tired and weary world. It would be a world of light and of love and laughter, a world of beauty, a world where hearts would not break. It would be a world of honor and loveliness. Those were the qualities of Christ. As it isn't that kind of a world does not logic compel us to say: "We have lost the way."

And the lonely Christ weeps.



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By **ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY**

HAVING just finished typing up Dr. Bradley's article "Along the Way," I feel delightfully refreshed from my trip around Ireland by proxy. It has been an inspiration just to read about the important and interesting people he and June Bradley have met. I know it has been a wonderful trip for her. Having known June for as long as I have known Dr. and Mrs. Grace Bradley, I know too, that June has fitted in beautifully into every situation. She has a genial personality, is frank, unassuming, generous in her judgment of everyone, and is well-liked by all who know her well. I look forward to their homecoming and am happy for Dr. Bradley, for home will really be home to him again, and a great deal of the loneliness of the past two years will be eased. It is fortunate for Mrs. Mae Duffy, Dr. Bradley's housekeeper, and for me, who work in the home, that we

are so fond of Mrs. June Bradley and we have every reason to believe the feeling is reciprocated.

I had a very pleasant trip one day in July. Because the one I called on, in company with others, is a friend of this Mail Bag and of Dr. Bradley and the church, I know you will be interested in hearing about it. Mrs. Helen B. Eddins had had May Ferguson on mind for some time. May Ferguson, you know, is the lovely little lady who has lain for so long a time bedridden because of an accident in her early youth. She is always in "her front seat" on Sunday mornings, listening over her little radio out at Belvidere, Illinois. She writes beautiful letters of appreciation and gratitude to Dr. Bradley, and we have often published them in the Mail Bag, and are always so happy to hear from her.

Mrs. Eddins took my Aunt, Mrs. W. A. Thomson, Mrs. Mae Duffy and

myself with her on a trip to Belvidere to visit May Ferguson. We did not arrive until about 6:30. A cheery voice called to me to come in the other door. As I did so, I saw that a neighbor was bringing May Ferguson's supper tray away from her room and she had not finished eating. I said I would go away and return shortly, but the lady insisted that I must just go in and speak to Miss Ferguson at least. I did so, introduced myself, for I had not yet met her. She made me promise faithfully I would come back and then she let me go. The lady who waited on her, a kind Welsh lady who lives next door, told me she had had many callers that day and was tired, so I promised not to overstay.

We were so graciously received when we went back to the little cottage—a cottage that was neat as a pin, as was Miss Ferguson herself. There was my favorite picture of Dr. Bradley on her bedroom wall, the one which American magazine published and which was taken as Dr. Bradley stood and preached from his pulpit. It is a speaking likeness. Miss Ferguson told me that Vallie Luce (a member of the church) had had the photograph made and framed for her. She also told me that Vallie Luce had recently broken her hip, and she felt so sorry for her. This I had not known.

Mrs. Eddins put away safely some fruit and a few little things we had brought which we hoped might tempt Miss Ferguson's appetite (for she does not eat solids). Meanwhile Miss Ferguson questioned me about Dr. Bradley and his trip and as to when he would return. When we were finally all in her room she asked us if we thought she might still continue to love Dr. Bradley, even though he was married again. We assured her we all expected to do the same and were sure it would be all right.

She talked about world problems and of her strong faith in the ultimate outcome being good. As Dr. Bradley has so often told us, she has a beautiful philosophy and tries to give out helpful thoughts to everyone who comes within her realm of influence.

We all came away feeling blessed and refreshed and grateful to Miss Ferguson for welcoming us to her home. She sent her love to Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and to Dr. Bradley.

Henry Hitt Crane once said "The most redemptive force in anyone's life is to feel that he or she is needed."

This may be the redemptive force that sustains May Ferguson, for many there are who make her feel they need her helpful encouragement to keep them on their feet.

I salute this courageous, grand little lady of Belvidere!

* * *

On opening the Mail Bag I found this letter from Miss Helene Fleischman, which is very appropriate as an opening letter to this Mail Bag. I have just been writing about May Ferguson who for over 50 years has been what to all would seem a "shut-in." Yet the world has made its way to her door. Miss Fleischman speaks of herself as a "shut-in" yet, in spirit she is not shut in at all, as her poem shows:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

God bless you on your 40th Anniversary, and may you be divinely guided in the years ahead.

Thank you for a wonderful sermon this morning. The way you defined God was the way I've known Him these past ten or fifteen years. As a student of Christian Science I've learned to know a God of Love, and like you said, God is not the author of sin, disease or death. I fully agree. Also, that God knows nothing of anything unlike good.

I am a shut-in and unable to attend

my church, but your program fills my need perfectly. Thank you very much. There are times when I am in very much pain, but thank God, like you, I too can say, I am standing on a rock and my foot shall not be moved. My small understanding of God is priceless to me. And I love it more each day.

About the silent prayer on Sunday; I was listening, and I sent out a prayer and request and I can honestly say it was answered beautifully and perfectly.

Yes, God is unfailing Love and we, as His likeness, must also express unfailing Love. I will enclose a little shut-in poem I wrote. I hope you like it.

Thank you again for your wonderful sermons and will you please remember me in your prayers. I shall pray for you also. God bless you.

Your shut-in listener,

Miss Helene Fleischman.

Here follows her poem:

GOD WITH US

"A shut-in" you say;
"Alone and sad;"
Yet that cannot be true.
For if Jesus had
Such thoughts as these
That Easter day,
The stone would never
Have been rolled away.

* * *

The following letter is in response to what Dr. Bradley had to say about Bishop Sheen's radio program (see the August Liberalist):

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am a protestant. I did not attend my own church yesterday, as I wanted to hear what you had to say about Bishop Fulton Sheen. I am now so glad I listened in, as I always do when it is impossible for me to attend my own church.

I must say that while awaiting your broadcast I was filled with a mixture of deep emotions—not knowing whether the props would be kicked

out from under my faith in people or whether they would be strengthened. Glory to the dear Lord, you are what I have always counted on you for—a Christian, honest, courageous, humble, grateful and far-seeing. So many times have I wished there were more in public life and elsewhere, especially in the pulpits, like you.

I cannot get most of my friends even to listen, once, to Bishop Sheen so as to make up their own minds as to whether "he and his TV program are propagandists of the cleverest type" as they say, for the Roman Catholic Church.

How can our world be saved when people, supposedly educated people, harbor such prejudices and make such statements when they don't know anything of the facts?

Thank you, Dr. Bradley, for helping me to know I have a thinking mind, though a small, untrained one perhaps, but at least hold no prejudice toward the religious beliefs of others.

May God bless you in whatever your future holds and for all you have done in the past. I know He will.

(Mrs. J. D.) Madeleine M. Christie.

* * *

When Dr. Bradley gets to reminiscing, someone always writes in who has thoroughly enjoyed it and likes to reminisce right back at him.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I have just heard (to me) the finest sermon you have ever preached. I had a Pennsylvania-German mother and a Welsh father. I was born in a stage-coach town of 400—Lewis, Cass County, Iowa—on the old government trail from Davenport to Council Bluffs. Brigham Young stopped there three months—one mile west. He called his camp "Iranistan." Some five families got homesick for Michigan and New York, the terrain and the Nishnabotna (50 yards wide) influencing them.

By 1855 there were 50 persons. Cass was war secretary, hence the name. Rock Island came in '79—500 by that time.

Don't you arrogate to yourself the pleasure of listening to the Fiske Jubilee Singers, Ellen Brown and Blind Boone; Edison's wonderful tin-foil cylinder phonograph, lantern show, panorama of Biblical scenes; Memorial Day parades, me walking; besides the silver wrap-around tuba, and the Fourth of July Square Dances (in the 200-seat Opry House).

Again let me say that your talk on Mother was the finest I have listened to. I had my father 71 years; my mother, 84. And when I heard "Charles, are you" etc., etc. I didn't argue its merits. At past 79, I talk to them some time each day.

I knew Dr. Gunsaulus.

Charles Pugh Davis.

* * *

Marcus R. Thackaberry, of Sterling, Illinois, sent a check for \$5 and tells Dr. Bradley that he had a cataract taken off one eye and he cannot see much out of the other. He says in part,

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Keep up your courage. You don't know how much good you are doing. I would like to be with you next Sunday, but got my leg broke and cannot go anywhere. Here is my check to help out. I will be 93 years old next January. What I have been through! But the hardest thing is to quit, but I have to do it. I hope you can read this, and may God give you health and strength to carry on your good work, is my prayer.

M. R. Thackaberry.

* * *

From Waukesha, Wisconsin, a "shut-in" lady sends a poem she loves about

the out-of-doors. Here is her letter and poem, which was sent after Dr. Bradley returned from his Easter vacation:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was grand to have you back in the pulpit again last Sunday. I did enjoy the whole service so very much. It was an inspiration for me the rest of the day. I have lost my helpmate and know how hard it is to keep from being lonesome on these special days. But when we can talk to God and He is always with us, we aren't alone at all.

I think I told you that I have been in a wheelchair for sixteen years and can't get to church, so I am always listening. I would love to have a program of the whole service if that were possible and I think you said it was.

Here is a little poem that I always say to myself when I get out-of-doors:

This is the out-of-doors, the not penned in
By walls of concrete, lumber and of stone;
This is the wide and undetermined reign

Where man can meet and talk with God alone.

This is the world He owns; though he cannot
Earthly title claim, here He is king.

This is the realm that Nature willed to Him,
Where heard and yet unheard His heart
may sing.

And where, through unencumbered miles of
skies

Like birds in happy flight, His thoughts
shall rise.

Isn't that a lovely poem? It was written by Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

May God bless you in all your work for Him.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Grace Grams.

We agree with Mrs. Grams. It is a beautiful poem.

* * *

Dr. Bradley loves to hear from his friends.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

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